

When Betty Was Lost.

By LULU JOHNSON

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Strang, sitting in his big touring car, watched with lazy interest the tiny figure of the child toiling up the hill. He was fond of children, all sorts and varieties, but there was an elfin daintiness about this independent young wayfarer that appealed most particularly to him.

She could not be more than five, yet she carried herself with a knowing little air that belied her timid eyes and her rosy, quivering mouth, while her smart frock and fetching hat indicated comfortable circumstances.

He forgot that Danvers was half an hour late for their appointment. He even neglected to think about a certain girl whose image for the past week had filled his thoughts almost constantly.

To his dismay, as the child was opposite him she sat down upon the steps of a high stooped house and began to cry, not loudly and with a wild display of grief, but quietly, as if she sought to keep back the tears that trickled down her cheeks.

In an instant Strang was out of the car and knelt on the stoop beside her, seeking to learn the cause of her grief.

"I guess I'm lost," was the plaintive reply, "an' there isn't any policeman to find me."

"Perhaps I'm as good as a policeman," he suggested, with a shudder, he thought of this dainty child's spending the day in some dingy police station. "How were you lost, and where do you live?"

"I was w' muvver," was the halting explanation. "She comed in on the trolley, an' when we changed I was losted, an' then I tried to find Aunt Mollie's, an' I guess she's losted too. I can't find her either."

"Where do you live? In the country?" he asked hopefully. If they used any particular trolley it might be easy to trace her people.

"On the green trolley," assented the child. "We live way out, most to where they stop."

"I guess we can find you then," declared Sidney cheerfully. "You jump into my car and I'll take you out

mother might be clamoring at the police station for her child, and a general alarm sent out at once might cause him to be apprehended. With an anxious face he turned to the child for a suggestion, and the self-possessed little one promptly replied:

"We might look for Aunt Mollie. She lives close where you found me. She can tell where I live. If you stop where the cars stop you can get to her place from there."

Sidney Strang accepted the suggestion thankfully, and after treating the shivering child to hot soda he headed the car for town.

He sent it along at the best speed limit, wondering how he would explain this semiabduction should the police have been warned.

He breathed more freely when they entered the city again, and presently they were at the transfer point for suburban trolleys. From her seat in the car the child seemed able to pick up her landmarks, and presently, sighing with regret, she pointed to a house which she declared to be her aunt's. Sidney drew to the curb and alighted to lift the little traveler down.

"It was a terrible nice ride," she declared. "I wisht I lived miles an' miles an' miles away."

Sidney scarcely echoed the wish, but he patted the cheek that was offered for his caress and turned to climb into the car.

At this instant he heard an exclamation of surprise and turned to look into the glowing eyes of the rosy girl he wanted to know, the girl of the box party.

She had caught the child up in her arms, laughing and crying simultaneously. Sidney decided that she was the "Aunt Mollie" for whom they had searched and raised his hat.

"The kiddie lost her way," he explained. "I ran out to Mount Holly 'n the hope that she might be able to locate her home, but the effort was unavailing, and at last she remembered that she could find her way from the transfer station to your house."

"Lost?" The girl laughed nervously. "Betty," she added, "do you mean to say that you made this gentleman take you out to Mount Holly?"

The child nodded her head and looked fearlessly at the other girl.

"Betty has a passion for automobilism," she added. "Father has an inexplicable fear of it and will not have a car, so I suppose that she took this means of obtaining a ride, the scheming little puss. She shall be punished and put to bed. She doesn't live in the country. Our home is just around the corner."

"Betty went out to play with a little friend, and not until the other little girl came to ask where she was did we realize that she was not safe at the Rawlings home."

"Jimmie Rawlings?" asked Sidney quickly. "Jim and I are great friends. May I ask him to bring me to call some time? Then I might have an excuse for taking Betty for a ride without tempting her to get lost on her own doorstep. It was just around the corner that I found her."

"She deserves no more rides," was the severe declaration, but Sidney offered an emphatic negative.

"I shall feel that she deserves many rides," he declared boldly, "if you will act as her chaperon."

The pretty girl flushed, but a glance at the eager face of the child decided her.

"Ask Mr. Rawlings to bring you over," she consented. "I am Alice Fakins, by the way, and I am sure that Betty—and I—will be very glad to go riding."

"I'll come tomorrow," promised Sidney as he climbed into the car. Then as he rolled down the street he assured himself that Betty should be forgiven and have a daily ride, for she had found for him the girl of girls.

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The Pyrophore.

A living light, called the pyrophore, makes illumination cheap and convenient in Brazil. The pyrophore is a monster firefly, an inch and a half long. With one it is possible to read fine print, and three will light a room. The Brazilian peasant, when he traverses by night the perilous forest paths of his country, fastens to each shoe a pyrophore. Thus illuminated, he has no difficulty in avoiding poisonous snakes, pitfalls and wild beasts. The Brazilian coquette fastens in her hair or her corsage a pyrophore incased in white tulle. The effect is as of a great luminous pearl or opal. When a pyrophore's light goes out it is not necessary to fill him up with oil, to drop a coin in him or to throw him away, but a moment's ducking in cold water suffices. Thereafter his three little lanterns, one on the breast and two on the back, emit again as bright a radiance as ever. The pyrophore, as all nature students know, is called vulgarly cuengo, but scientifically the name is Coleopter serricornis sternose elaterides.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the Presence of Death.

Some years ago a Swansea vessel was caught in a terrible gale, says an English paper. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said: "We've done all we can. Hadn't you better tell the chaps to get out the boats?"

"Yes, yes, my lad, if you think so," said the captain, who knew the only choice left was whether to go down with the ship or in a small boat, which couldn't live ten seconds in that sea. The engineers came up with the news that the fires were all out.

"Very well, my lads," said the captain quietly. "Save yourselves if you can."

"Won't you fetch the wife on deck, sir?" asked one of the men.

"No," was the calm reply. "Let her sleep, poor girl! I am going down to have a smoke." And, smoking by the bedside of his sleeping wife, he went down with the ship.

A Man of Resources.

A young man genial of face and correct in attire arose from his seat in a well patronized cafe an evening or two ago, raised high a dollar bill and addressed those present.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have here a dollar bill. It is a good bill, open to inspection by all. I want to raffle it off, and I will esteem it a favor if fifteen gentlemen will come in. Ten cents a chance—10 cents for a dollar bill. It's dirt cheap. Who will come in, please? I'll esteem it a favor, as I said, and there's the chance for a real bargain."

Fifteen men good naturedly chipped in 10 cents each, drew small squares of paper from a hat, and the winner pocketed the bill, with a laugh.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the raffler, with a Chesterfieldian bow. "That dollar was of no use to me. But now that I've sold it for a dollar and a half I have my car fare home. Thank you. Good night."—New York Globe.

Old College Days.

Students at St. Andrews university two centuries ago paid nothing for their rooms, but £3 10s. per quarter enabled them to dine at the high table. For £5 11s. 1d. poorer men could get through the whole session—just six months. Breakfast was served at 7 a. m. and consisted of an oatmeal loaf and half a pint of beer. For supper each had half a twopenny loaf and a pint of beer. At the high table poultry, broth and beef were served, and at the second a plentiful supply of broth and beef. Herrings and flounders sometimes graced the board. Beer there was in abundance, and the colleges in those good old days had their brew house, a perquisite of the porter, who was permitted to sell ale to the students.—London Antiquary.

Just a Mistake.

During one of the banquets of the church congress in London a certain bishop had as his left hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the baldheaded vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the bishop, who was talking to his right hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said: "No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple."

Line Carrying Rockets.

The first line carrying rockets were invented in 1820 by an Englishman named "rengrouse" and were soon after adopted by the Massachusetts Humane society for use at its stations, where they proved very successful, though today brass cannons are exclusively used for throwing lines to wrecks.

Pretty Weary.

Weary (lying under apple tree)—Say, mister, kin I have one of dem apples? Farmer—Why, them apples won't be ripe for four months yet. Weary—Oh, dat's all right. I ain't in no hurry. I'll wait.—Life.

Then He Was Fired.

Father—I cannot give you my daughter, my dear sir. I am mighty particular in such things. Suitor—Oh, pshaw! Now, I am not in the least so.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Different Ways.

Fewitt—I have been pinched for money lately.

Jewitt—Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any.

Servant Girls in Defoe's Day.

It is evident from the comment below, found in "Gleanings After Time," that there is nothing new to be said on the servant question:

Defoe, castigating the extravagances of his time, fell foul of the downward spread of fashion. His theme was a familiar one—the heinousness of a servant girl's attempt to imitate her mistress' costume.

"Her neat leathern shoes," Defoe's amusing indictment runs, "are now transformed into laced ones with high heels, her yarn stockings are turned into the woolen ones with silk clocks, and her high wooden pattens are kicked away for leathern clogs. She must have a hoop, too, as well as her mistress, and her poor linsey woolsey petticoat is changed into a good silk one, four or five yards wide at the least. Not to carry the description further. In short, plain country Joan is now turned into a fine city madam, can drink tea, take snuff and carry herself as high as the best."

Vivisection Thieves.

Breaking into houses where funerals have just taken place and plundering them is spoken of by the Berliner Tageblatt as a trick of the thieves of that city. While this may be a new form of criminality in Berlin, says the writer, it is really only an imitation of an incident described by Dion Cassius as having taken place 2500 years before Christ. The historian says that when the consort of the emperor was laid away in the mausoleum at Memphis a band of Greek marauders entered the deserted palace of the pharaoh and took all the precious stones and metals and the women slaves and reached the banks of the Red sea with their plunder. Only two of the land were captured, and they were turned over by the ruler to the wise men, by whom they were vivisected in the interest of science. No matter how much the robbers of the modern houses of mourning may be despised, they need not fear that form of punishment.

The Newsboy.

Do you see the newsboy? You can hear the newsboy a long time before you can see him.

What does the newsboy say? It doesn't matter what the newsboy says. You know he is the newsboy because he has the papers to prove it.

What has the newsboy concealed in his hand? The newsboy has a cigarette butt in his hand. He saw it smoking in the gutter and was afraid it would set fire to the street, so he picked it up.

Good little newsboy, you will be a fire chief some day!

Did ever you try a trick on the newsboy? Give him a nickel some time for your paper and tell him to keep the change. Ten chances to one he will do it.

Does the newsboy never sleep? Oh, yes, the newsboy sleeps, but never on his job.

P. S.—Lots of people can learn something from the newsboy.—Boston Herald.

Hungry Thespians.

They looked like actors, or, rather, they looked as if they would have been actors if some manager with more than the usual discernment would recognize their ability and give them a job, says the Stroller in the Portland (Me.) Express. Just now they were staring through the window of a popular priced restaurant in Congress street, absorbed in the unerring accuracy of the chef as the griddlecakes were flipped into the air by him, only to fall gracefully back into the grease mark they had just quilted. The tall man jingled some keys in his pocket, and the little one pulled his belt another notch.

"Lord!" said the big one. "I'm hungry enough to eat my own words."

"I'm in just as bad," complained the little one. "I feel as though I could bolt a front door."

Animals and Electricity.

Man has much greater power of electrical resistance or much less susceptibility than many other animals. A leech placed upon a copper plate which rests upon a larger plate of zinc is unable to crawl off on account of the feeble electric action excited by the contact of the metals. Horses are troubled by slight differences of potential. An ox treated for rheumatism with electricity succumbed to a current absolutely inoffensive to man.

Exactly.

Little Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the marketman would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green peas."

The Timidity.

Her Mother—Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money?

The Bride—No, indeed, mamma, but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me.—Exchange.

Pretty Thin.

"Thin!" repeated the man who was talking about a mutual acquaintance. "Well, he's so thin that when he eats macaroni he can only swallow it one piece at a time!"

The Fun of It.

Mother—Did you enjoy your ice cream soda, Dickie?

Dickie—Yes, ma; there were seven other boys lookin' through the window at me.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, are Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a list of agents and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

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POINT PLEASANT

Sept. 23, 03

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Cor. First and Decatur Sts., Would like to have part of your trade. We keep a full line of

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all the time. Send in your order. We will appreciate it.

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Expert Piano Tuner and Repairer.

Leave orders with L. SHIPLEY

Dec 9

NEW

Meat Market.

I have opened a first-class, clean Meat Market in the Waggoner old store room, corner of First and Main Streets and will try at all times to please and be accommodating to my customers; will aim to butcher nothing but the best, and will keep at all times the best of beef, mutton, fresh pork, c'icorns, home-made lard, salt meats of all kind. Give me your order. Both 'phones.

A. N. BURDETT

ASKS WIFE FOR KISS BITES OFF HER NOSE.

John Marra, of Fairmont, who was chased last Friday by blood hounds in the vicinity of Highland, has not been found, and he is likely far out of reach by this time. Marra is wanted on the charge of biting off his wife's nose. He and his wife had had a quarrel and later Marra suggested that they make up. Instead of kissing his wife he grabbed for her nose and bit it off. He made his escape at once.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF THE PERSONAL PROPERTY OF THE STORTZ-BLAZER COMPANY.

Under and by virtue of a deed of trust made by The Stortz-Blazer Company to the undersigned Trustee, bearing date on the 12th day of December, 1928, and duly of record in Trust Deed Book No. 136, page 10, etc., in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Mason County, West Virginia, the said Trustee will on

Saturday, the 29th day of May, 1929, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m. of that day, proceed to sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at what is known as The Stortz-Blazer Mill, in the town of Point Pleasant, W. Va., the following personal property, viz: One office safe, one 300 desk, one McClellan account register, one office stove, one truck wagon, one delivery wagon, two sets of harness, forty eight gallon engine oil, one iron wheel barrow, 100 feet of rubber hose, one bar truck, 20000 shovels, five hand saws, one hand saw, one bag holder, one pair Howe flour scales, one span of mules, 30 bales of hay, 27 pkgs. poultry food, 20 pkgs. horse and cattle powder, 40 pkgs. insect powder, 27 pkgs. stock food, 877 jute bags, 130 cloth flour bags, 635 grain bags, three dozen new flour barrels, about 5 tons of steam coal, and all other articles of personal property remaining unsold at the date of said sale which has been used in and about the said Stortz-Blazer Mill.

Terms of sale—Cash. A. E. BRADSHAW, Trustee. L. R. E. Mitchell, Clerk of the County Court of Mason County, West Virginia, do hereby certify that A. E. Bradshaw, trustee, in the above mentioned deed of trust, has given bond as required by law as such Trustee.

R. E. MITCHELL, Clerk of the County Court of Mason County, West Virginia, May 5-41.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA: At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Mason County, West Virginia, on Monday, the third day of May, 1929, the following order was entered:

Julia B. Medley, In Chancery John Medley The object of the above entitled suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony for the plaintiff from the defendant. And it appearing by the evidence filed in the papers in said cause that the said defendant, John Medley, is a non-resident of this State, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect his interests in said suit. A copy—Teste: CHAS. BUXTON, Clerk, Somerville & Somerville, Sols.

Notice To Take Depositions.

To John Medley: Take notice: That on the 3rd day of June, A. D. 1929, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 6 o'clock p. m., at the law office of Somerville & Somerville, in the town of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, I will take the deposition of Norman English, James A. Shire and others, to be read in evidence in my behalf in a certain suit in Chancery now pending in the Circuit Court of the County of Mason, and State of West Virginia, in which I am Plaintiff and you are Defendant. If from any cause the taking of said deposition shall not be commenced on that day, or if commenced shall not be completed on the day aforesaid, the same shall be continued from day to day, or from time to time, at the same place and between the same hours, until the same shall have been completed.

JULIA B. MEDLEY, By Counsel, Somerville & Somerville, Sols. May 5-4w.

Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA: COUNTY OF MASON, ss: At Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, the 5th day of April, 1929, the following order was entered:

E. E. Cross and A. C. Ritchie, partners doing business as St. Dennis Mills, vs. W. C. Harris and G. H. Gress, partners doing business as Gress & Harris, Mason City Coal Mining Co., Little K. Bown, Fred S. Bown, Ida M. Mullen, Earnest Mullen, Eva L. Probst, Charles O. Probst, Erma K. Archer, Robert L. Archer, Ruby K. Keeley, Josiah Keeley, Susan M. Judson, Florida Harris, Wyn Harris, Wyatt W. Harris, Thomas B. Harris, Warren Harris, John Harris and Mary A. Harris.

The object of the above entitled cause is to enforce the payment of a judgment lien obtained by the plaintiffs against the defendants, W. L. Harris